SYNOPSIS

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lai Chatteril, "The appointed mouthpiece of the Beil," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain bome is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain so hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in Ingland, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely aginsted. Chatterii appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterii. He returns wildly excited, says he bas killed the Hindu, lakes poison, and when dyirk asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious etrand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note swalting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attempts to dispose of the Token to a money-lender, is mistaken for Rutton and barely escapes being mobbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Darjeeling; on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their journey's end asks her to become his wife. A Hindu constitutes to the woman Naraini to discover the secret of the conspiracy. He learns they would make him their king, and is found facing a cobra in the feet of Death the secret of the conspiracy. He learns they would make him their king, and is found facing a cobra in the Test of Death when rescued by Labertouche and his

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"You promise not to harm her?" "Amber!" cried the Englishman, impatiently. "Will you-"

"Please, Miss Farrell!" begged Amber, trying to take the girl's hand and draw her away.

"I won't!" she declared. "Til not move a step until he promises. You don't understand. No matter what the danger she's--"

"She's a flend incarnate," Labertouche broke in. "Amber, get that girl-

"She's my sister!" cried Sophia. "Now will you understand?" "What?" The two men exclaimed as

"She's my sister," the girl repeated,

holding up her head defiantly, her cheeks burning-"my sister by adoption. We were brought up together She was the daughter of an old friend of my father's-an Indian prince. A few years ago she ran away-"

"Thank God!" said Amber from the bottom of his soul; and, "Ah, you would!" cried Labertouche tensely, as Naraini selzed the opportunity, when his attention was momentarily diverted, to break for freedom.

Amber saw the flash of a steel blade in the woman's hand as she struck at the secret agent, and the latter, stepping back, deflected the blow with a ickness of a snake, Naraini stooped glided beneath his arms, and slipped from the cell.

With a smothered oath Labertouche leaped to the doorway, lifting his pistol: but he was no quicker than Sophia, who caught his arm and held him back. "No," she panted; "not even for our lives-not at that price!"

He yielded unexpectedly. "Of course you are perfectly right, Miss Farrell," said he, with a little bow. 'T'm sorry that circumstances . . . But come! She'll have this hornet's nest about our ears in a brace of seconds. Hark to that!"

A long, shrill shrick echoed down the gallery. Labertouche shrugged and turned to the left. "Come along," "Amber, take Miss Farrell's hand and keep close to me." He led the way from the cell at a brisk paceone, indeed, that taxed Sophia's powers of endurance to maintain.

At length they stood on a low, pebbly ledge, just outside the black maw of the passage—an entrance hidden in a curtain-like fold in the face of the cliff that towered above them, easting an ink-black shadow. But beyond it the emblazoned firmament glowed irradiant, and at their feet the encircling waters ran, a broad ribbon of black tamarisks rose, a black and ragged

Labertouche strode off into the wa- What's this? Who are you, sir?" ter. "Straight ahead," he announced: "don't worry-'tisn't more than knee and I'm uncommonly happy to meet deep at the worst. I've horses waiting you, whoever you may be, sir. Tell

on the other side-" "Horses!" Amber interrupted, "Great heavens, man, you're-you're omnis-

cient!" "No-lucky." Laberlouche retorted

briskly. "Where'd I been without Ram Nath? He's taking care of the . Come along. What 're you waiting for? Don't you know-" He turned to see the girl hesitant, though with lifted skirts. "Oh," he sald in an accent of understanding, and came back. "If you'll help me, Amber, I daresay we can get Miss Far-

He offered to clasp hands with the Virginian and so make a seat; but Amber had a happier thought, atrode off to issue instructions in ac-

rell across without a wetting."

thank you-if Miss Farrell will trust

His eyes met the girl's, and in hers he read trust and faith unending; he was conscious of a curious fluttering

in his bosom. "Trust you!" she said, with a little, broken laugh, and gave herself freely to his arms.

Labertouche grunted and turned his back, wading out into the stream with a great splashing.

Amber straightened up, holding her very close to him, and that with ease. Had she been thrice as heavy he could have borne her with as little care as he did his own immeasurably lightened heart in that hour of fulfillment. The further bank neared all too quickly. He would willingly have lingered to prolong the stolen sweetness of that moment, forgetful altogether of the danger that lay behind him.

Ahead he saw Labertouche step out upon a shelving shore and, shaking his legs with an effort irresistibly suggestive of a dog leaving the water. peer inland through the tamarisks, His low, whistled signal sounded as Amber joined him and put down the girlreluctantly. Her whispered thanks were interrupted by an exclamation from Labertouche.

"Hang it all! he can't have mistaken the spot. I told him to wait right here, and now . . . We daren't de-He cast an apprehensive glance lay." "Look lively, across the stream. please."

He shouldered a way through the thicket, and for several moments they struggled on through the hindering undergrowth, their passage betrayed by much noisy rustling. Then, as they won through to open ground, Labertouche paused and whistled a second time, staring eagerly from right to left.

"I'm blessed!" he declared, with a vehemence that argued his desire for stronger language. "This is bad-bad -bad! He never failed me befere!

A mocking chuckle seemed to break from the ground at their feet, and in the flicker of an eyelash a shadow lifted up out of the scrub-encumbered level. Sophia cried aloud with alarm; Labertouche swore outright, heedless; and Amber put himself before her, drawing his revolver, heartsick with the conviction that they were trapped, that their labor had gone all for naught, that all futilely had they schemed and dared. . .

But while his finger was yet seeking the trigger the first shadow was joined by a score of fellows-shades that materialized with the swiftness and silence from the surface of the earthand before he could level the weapon Labertouche seized his wrist. For an instant he resisted, raging with disappointment; but the Englishman was cool, strong, determined; inevitably in the outcome the weapon was pointed to the sky.

"Steady, you ass!" breathed the secret agent in his ear. "Can't you 800-

And Amber gave over, in amaze guarding forearm. Then, with the ment unbounded, seeing the starlight glinting down a dozen leveled riflebarrels, glowing pale on the spiked, rounded crowns of pith helmets, and striking soft fire from burnished accoutrements; while a voice, thick with a brogue that was never bred out of hearing of Bow Bells, was hectoring them to surrender.

"'Ands up, ye bloomin' black beggars! 'Ands up, I s'y!"

"Tommies!" cried Amber; and incontinently he dropped the revolver as though it had turned hot in his

"Steady, my man!" Labertouche interrupted what threatened to develop into a string of intolerable abuse. start. "My men got to the ford just "Hold your tongue! Can't you see we've a lady with us?"

"Ul-lo!" The soldier lowered his rifle and stepped closer, his voice vibrating with astonishment. "Blimme, 'ere's a go! . . . beggar of a nig-ger givin' me wotfor 's if 'e was a 'Oo in 'ell d'ye think y'are, yer ighness?"

"That'll do. Put down those guns and call your commanding officer. I'll explain to him. Where is he? What troops are you? When did you ar-

"What's this?" A sharp voice cut the comments of the Tommies, and silk purling between the cliff and the they were smitten silent by it. An ofopposing shores, where a thicket of ficer, with jingling spurs and sword in hand, elbowed through the heart of the press, "Stop that row instantly.

"I sent the message from Kathiapur, your men to fall back, please, and I'll introduce myself properly."

Two words secured the secret agent the privacy he desired; the officer offered him an ungloved hand as the troopers withdrew out of bearing.

"Happy, indeed!" he said cheerfully. I'm Rowan, captain, Fourteenth plo-

"I'm Labertouche, L. S. S. This is Miss Farrell, daughter of Colonel Farrell, and this Mr. Amber of New York. We've just escaped from that rock over there and-if you'll pardon-I'd him, and forswears the faith of his suggest you set a strong guard over the ford behind those tamarisks."

"One moment, please." The officer strode off to issue instructions in ac- gade-who stands there!"

'and haven't had time to nose out the ay of the land thoroughly."

From the ford an abrupt clamor of alive or dead. It's simply a dodge of voices interrupted. The officer hook- hers to gain time. Shut her up and it from the pillow. But he managed ed up his scabbard. "Sounds as if my take her away—she's as dangerous as to shift his gaze from the window men had gathered in somebody else," he said hastily. "If you'll excuse me, "Nay, I will not be gagged nor taken I'll have a look." He trotted off into hence till I have said my say!" With the shade of the tamarisks.

As he disappeared the disturbance ber guessed.

"I fancy not," said Labertouche. 'm not mistaken our friend Naraini the hue and cry. This should be the vanguard of the pursuit."

Amber looked upward. Overhead the soulless city slumbered in a stillness apparently unbroken, yet he who saw its profile rugged against the stars, could fancy what consternation was then, or presently would be, running riot through its haunted ways. "How many of 'em are there, do you

reckon?" he asked. "Three or four hundred," replied the secret agent absently; "the pick and flower of Indian unrest. My word, but this will kick up a row! Think of it, man! three hundred and fifty-odd lords and princes bagged all at once in the act of plotting the Second Mutiny! What a change it will work on the political face of the land! And the best of it is, they simply

can't get away." Amber was thinking with vindictive relish of what fate he would mete out to the manipulator of the Bell, were it left to him to pass sentence. But he broke off as a body of soldiery burst from the tamarisks, and, headed by young Rowan, hurried toward the three, bringing with them a silent and unresisting prisoner.

"I say," the officer called excitedly non rum. It's a woman, you know." "Aha!" said Labertouche, and "Ah!" said Amber, with a click of his teeth,

We get here only a quarter of an hour | shut her up?" cried Labertouche. "It's | now and again guils would sweep of ago," he apologised, swinging back as all a pack of lies; the woman's raving, the men deployed into the thicket, Rutton's dead, in the first place; in the second, he's her father. She can't head felt very light and empty, be his wife very well, whether he's a wildcat!"

"Nay: I will not be gagged nor taken a sudden furious wrench Naraini wrested her arms from the grasp of the abated somewhat. "False alarm," Am- guards and sprang away, eluding with lithe and snake-like movements their attempts to recapture her. "Not." she cried, "until I have wrought my left for the special purpose of raising will upon the two of them. Thou hast stood in my light too long, O my

> sister!" A hand blazing with jewels tore at the covering of her bosom and suddenly came away clutching a dagger, thin, long and keen; and snarling she sprang toward the girl, to whose influence, however unwitting, she right ly ascribed the downfall of her scheme of empire. Rowan and Labertouche leaned forward and, fell short, so lightning swift she moved; only Amber stood between her and her vengeance. Choking with horror, he put the girl behind him with a resistless hand, and took Naraini to his arms.

> "Ah, hast thou changed thy mind, Beloved?" The woman caught him flercely to her with an arm about his waist, and her voice rose shrill with mocking triumph. "Are my lips become so sweet to thee again? Then see how I kiss, thou fool!"

She thrust with wicked cunning, twice and again, before the men tore her away and disarmed her. For an instant wrestling like a demon with them, still animated by her murderous frenzy, still wishful to fill her cup of vengeance to the brim with the blood of the girl, she of a sudden ceased to resist and fell passive in their hands, in advance, "here's something uncom- a dying flicker of satisfaction in the eyes that watched the culmination of her crime.

To Amber it was as if his body had



Trotted Off Into the Shade of the Tamarisks.

to him the closer.

you, for she said . . . " Rowan paused, embarrassed, and took a fresh are still missing, but we routed out lady. He showed fight and got bayonetted. But the woman-excuse me, Mr. Amber-she protests-by George,

it's too ridiculous."
"I have claimed naught that is not true!" an unforgettably sweet voice interrupted from the center of the group. Is opened out, disclosing Naraini between two guards, in that mo ment of passion and fear perhaps more incomparably beautiful than any woman they had ever looked upon, save her who held to Amber's arm a-quiver with womanly sympathy and

"Aye, I have claimed!" she stormed. "I have claimed justice and the rights of wifehood, the protection of him whose wife I am; or, if he deny me, I claim that he must suffer with mehe who bath played the traitor's part tonight, betraying his Cause and his wife alike to their downfall! . . I claim," she insisted, lifting, in spite

small quivering arm to single Amber out and point him to scorn, "that this is the man who, wedded to me by his birthright, when it doth please wife to Har Dyal Rutton, rightful ruler

while the woman on his arm clung | been penetrated thrice by a needle of fire. The anguish of it was exqui-"I thought we'd better bring her to site, stupefying. He was aware of a Rowan darkening, reeling world, wherein men's faces swam like moons, pallid, staring, and of a mighty and invinas she was coming ashore with three cible lethargy that pounced upon him, other men, and the whole pack took body, brain and soul, like a black panto cover on this side. Two of the men ther springing from the ambush of the night. Yet there were still words that of his berth, and laid her cheek the other just now with this-ah- must be spoken, lest they live in his subconsciousness to torment him through all the long, black night that was to receive him. He tried to steady himself, and lifted an arm that vibrated like the sprung limb of a sapling, signing to the secret agent.

"Labertouche," he said thickly . "Sophia . . . out of India . at once . . . life . The girl's arms received him as he

CHAPTER XX.

A Later Day. A man awoke from a long dream of night and fear, of passion, pain, and death, and opened eyes whose vision seemed curiously clear, to realize a new world, very unlike that in which the incoherent action of his dream had moved-a world of light and lively of the soldiers' restraining hands, one glistening white paint, sunshine, and an abundance of pure, cool air could

render it. Bocquse he had known these things solemn right and the custom of the in a former existence, he understood land, hath deserted and abandoned that he lay in the lower berth of a me, hath denied me even as he denies first-cabin stateroom, aboard an ocean steamship; a spacious, bright box of a room, through whose open ports fathers! I claim to be Naraini, Queen, swayed brilliant shafts of temperate sunlight, together with great gusts of of Khandawar-coward, traiter, repe- the salt sweet breath of the open sea Through them, too, he could see patch-"For the love of heaven, Rowan, es of unclouded blue, athwart which

until it rested upon a man's face a guant, impressive brown face tlluminated by steady and thoughtful eyes, filled with that mystic, unshakable spirit of fatalism that is the Genius of the eastern peoples. The head itself stood out with almost startling distinctness against the background of nure white. It was swathed with an immaculate white turban. The sick man felt that he recog-

His eyeballs seems to move re-

luctautly in their sockets, and his

though so heavy that he could not lift

rather, in some vague, half-remembered life before his latest death. The name . . . ? He felt his lips move and that they were thin and glazed formation to the effect that the manmade another attempt to articulate. A breaths: "Ram . . . Nath . . .

lips. The liquid, colorless, acrid, and went on tiptoe from the stateroom.

woman sat beside him.

"Sophia . . His voice sounded in his own hearing very thin and brittle. The girl turned her gaze upon him swiftly, the steady. She bent forward, placing over der, subtle fingers.

"David!" she said. his heaven, all well with the world!

"How long . . . Sophia?"
"Five days, David."

"Where "At sea, David, on a Messageries boat for Marsellles. Dear . He closed his eyes in beatific content: "David . . . Dear . . .!"
"Can you listen?"

. sweetheart." "Yes . Her voice faltered; she flushed They refused to let tell you. took us across the desert to Nok, you rachi. Ram Nath came with us, as zation will be discussed. hearer it being necessary that he too should leave India. My father and your man Doggott joined us at Karachi, where this steamer touched the second day."

"You understand, now-?" "Everything, dearest."

"Labertouche-7" "He fold me nothing. I haven't een him since that morning, when, just after you were wounded, we started for Nok. He posted off to Kuttarpur to find my father. . . No; it was you who told me-every-

thing-in your delirium." you forgive-?" 'And "Forgive!"

He smiled faintly. "That photograph?" "I had it ready to return to you

that morning, David." "Knowing what it meant to me?" "Knowing what it meant to mewhat it meant to both of us, David." "So you weren't offended, that

night? "I loved you even then, David. I think I must have loved you from that first day at Nokor is. Do you remem-

ber His eyes widened, perplexed, staring into her grave, dear eyes. "Then why did you pretend-?"

With the low, caressing laugh of a happy child, the girl knelt by the side against his own. "Oh, David, my Da- and already twenty-five houses are in vid! When do you expect to understand the heart of a woman, dear heart of mine?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Plymouth Rocks. Concerning the age of eggs, there is likely to be much dispute. Very often one of the pioneers of this township. It seems as if the only trustworthy au- He and his brother, the late Thomas thority must be the hen herself. If all Wardell, were the first active develraisers of chickens, however, were as frank as a certain man, householders

would have little of which to complain. One Saturday one of his customers asked him if she might have a dozen eggs within the next two or three days.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied John. "Til bring you a dozen fresh ones tomorrow morning." "No," protested the housewife, "I

should not want you to bring them on Sunday-not on Sunday, John. "Well," replied John, "all right, ma'am, if you say so, but it doesn't

Tit-Bits. Long and Short. "I understand that little Mabel Jones is engaged to that extremely tall oung simpleton, Buddy Browne."

make any difference to the hens."-

"Excuse?" "Yes. She says she is only carrying out nature's most inexorable law. "The law of love?"
"No, of contrasts."

Law's Dictum.

"Yes, and have you heard her ex-

-minors, idiots, insane, criminals,

MISSOURI NEWS

SUBMIT NEW FIRE RATES.

Supt. Blake, However, Will Not Allow They to Be Filed.

Jefferson City. - Fire companies have forwarded to the state department of insurance new rates formulated by the companies for seventy-eight cities and towns in Missouri. Frank Blake, state superintendent of insurance, said these rates would not be filed for the reanized this countenance—had known it, son the basic schedules upon which they were made has not been approved by him.

Moistening them with his tongue he agers' committee for the insurance companies had directed agents in the thin whisper passed them in two seventy-eight towns rerated under the new law to charge the new rates. Hearing this, the dark man started Blake immediately notified the agents out of his abstraction, cast a swift, of those places not to attempt to put pitiful glance at the sick man's face. into effect the new rates, as they had and came to hold a tumbler to his not been approved by his department.

Attorney General Major said he pungent, slipped into his mouth, and will within the next few days furnish he had to swallow whether he would Blake with an opinion as to the legalor no. When the final drop disap ity of putting into effect temporarily peared, Ram Nath put down the glass, the Waterworth and Fetter rates and smiled, laid a finger on his lips, and dealing also with the general features of the law. The attorney general, it After awhile the man without an is believed, will hold that the fire identity fell asleep, calmly, restfully, companies are without authority to in absolute peace. When again he put into effect the law by piecemeal, awakened it was with the knowledge and that they must rerate the state that he was David Amber, and that a and have all rates approved by the state superintendents before they are binding.

Court's Ruling Awaited

Jefferson City.-There is considera soft smile deepening, the dream-light ble speculation among lawyers and in her eyes burning brighter and more others as to how the supreme court will rule upon the jurisdictional point his wasted hand a hand firm and by Judge Selden P. Spencer and Lon warm, strong yet gentle, its white C. Hocker, attorneys for the Republiness enhanced by the suggested tra cans, in the state contests. The juriscery of blue veins beneath the silken diction of the court was attacked in skin, and by the rosy tips of her slep a motion filed several weeks ago. Recently the Republicans filed additional suggestions in support of the mo-He sighed and remembered. His tion. The point raised by the Repubbrows knitted, then smoothed them licans is that the court can act only selves out; for with memory came the in the original proceedings mentioned realization that, since he was there in the state constitution, and that the and she by his side, God was surely in legislitaure is without authority to confer additional jurisdiction

Cape Booster Meeting December 4. Cape Girardeau,-The Cape Girardeau Comemrcial Club has selected the evening of Monday, December 4, as the time for holding a Southeast Missouri booster meeting. Secretary W. F. Saunders of the Business Men's Leaguge of St. Louis declared that a large delegation from St. Louis, repadorably. "You mustn't talk. But I'll resenting every line of commercial ac tivity, will attend, and several are exus go back to Kuttarpur; an escort pected from Chicago and Memphis. Good roads, railroads, river navigain a litter, I on horseback. There we tion, drainage, levees, dams, municitook train to Haidarabad and Ka. pal questions and commercial organi-

> Teachers Convene at Doniphan. Doniphan. - The Ripley County Teachers' association held a two-day session here. Dr. W. W. Charters, dean of the rural school department of the state university, and Prof. C. A. Green, high school inspector of the state educational department at Jefferson City, made addresses.

Huff Children Lose Will Contest. Springfield.-Efforts of children of the first wife of John Huff to break a will leaving the greater part of the estate to his second wife and daughter, failed when the jury returned a three-fourths verdict for the defend-

Indorsed for G. A. R. Commander. Lebanon.-Capt. C. W. Rubey was ndorsed for department commander of Missouri, G. A. R., at a meeting of George G. Meade Post No. 48 at Lebanon. The encaumpment next year will be held in Macon.

Town Created by a Dam.

Springfield.-A new town in Taney county has been started in connection with the building of the big dam, which will furnish hydro-electric power from the White river. The place has been designated Camp Glover course of construction.

Bevier Pioneer, Aged 81, Dies. Bevier.-John Wardell, aged 81 years and 9 months, is dead from allments incident to old age. He was opers of the coal field known as the Bevier vein.

Pythians Form Association. Rolla.-The Tenth District association of the Knights of Pythias of Missouri was organized in Rolla. Delegates were in attendance from Vienna, Jefferson City, Hermann, Newburg, Lebanon, Chamois, Pacific Union, St. Clair, Steelville, Salem and Dixon.

Fair Association to Organize. Lebanon.-Plans were set on foot to organize the Laclede County Fair association. Dr. J. M. Perkins was elected temporary chairman and Don-O. Vernon secretary. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions.

Accepts Hannibal Call. Hannibal.-The official board of the Congregational church announced Rev. B. M. Southgate of Princeton, Ill., has accepted a call for the pastorate of that church.

Monroe City Officer Dies. Monroe City.-John W. Stephens dropped dead at the Burlington depot here. For over tweive years he has been city marshal and during the time was deputy sheriff of Monroe county.

Macon County Convict Paroled. Jefferson City.—Gov. Hadley issued a parole to Huber Cook, convicted in Macon county last April of felonious for an hour, and though we must lay assault and sentenced to the peniten all else saide-to make others s nile. thaty for five years. Cook is 20 years

DON'T OPEN HUBBY'S LETTERS

It is a Breach of Politeness for the Wife to Break the Seal.

A wife is in doubt whether she should open her husband's letters, and implies her willingness to let him open and read hers before they come into her hands. There is no violation of confidence involved in a preference to read one's correspondence before it is so much as glanced over by the eyes of another. A letter is a bit of personal property, and it is a breach of ordinary politeness to break its seal. Wife and husband alike have the privilege of opening their individual correspondence, and of sharing it together if they choose. As no one who is entirely polite opens a closed door without the formality of a knock, though the door belong to a member of the family, and is the entrance to an individual room, so no really polite berson opens without leave the correspondence of another. It should be taken for granted that married people are mutually interested in one another's letters, but it is not to be imagined that they shall necessarily always read every written scrap that comes into the house for one or the other. Married happiness is so per clous a thing that it should be guarded with the greatest care, and if either partner in the home discerns on the horizon the smallest hint of a cloud, the duty is at once to take measures to prevent a storm .- The Christian Herald.

BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged. I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months

old, all trace of the eczema was gone. "During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls, I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 24, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5 L, Boston.

Love Note.

People may sneer all they please at what is called puppy love; but any body who has ever had a puppy, and noted the wag of its tail and the look in its eye as it wriggles forth its protestations of undying hardly deny its actual sincerity.-Judge's Library.

Important to Mothers nine carefully every bottle of Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the
Signature of Signatur

Felt Safe. "I always enjoy going to the first performance of a new play." "Why the first?"

"Because I'm always sure then that the man who sits behind me hasn't seen it before " Diphtheria, Quinsy and Tonsilitis begin with sore throat. How much better to cure a sore throat in a day or two than to be in bed for weeks with Diphtheria, Just keep Hamlins Wizard Oil in the

Budding Genlus. Knicker-You think Johnny will grow up to be president? Proudpop-Yes; that boy can eat

anything.-New York Sun. Lewis' Single Binder straight 5e eigar

If it is safe to trust God in anything it is safe to trust him in every

Splendid Grops In Saskatchewan (Western Canada) 800 Bushels from 20 acres



Their Appetites With Them

21/2 Pounds of Meat and 12 Quarts of Strong Drink Per Capita Is French Record.

Frenchmen are pretty able trencher men, but the following account of a meal made by eight Norman peasants surpasses expectations. According to the Medical Journal, a grazier with seven of his friends undertook an ex pedition to gather fagors.

Among them they should have managed some 400 fagots, but 37 represented the sum of their work, the small total being accounted for, possibly by the luncheon which the octer devoured. They managed to consume 20 pounds of meat, 8 quarts of purs perry, 16 bottles of assorted wines, 2 bottles of champagne and 8 quarts of cider brandy of an alcoholic strength of 65 per cent. A roast goose, placed body good, and so these insects at . in the markets.

boughtfully among the rations, was

This tunegoon represents an averege of 2% pounds of mest and 12 quarts of milk, none of it weat, per capita during the 12 hours occupied by the excedition.

highly esteemed as food by the natives. The locusts fly within two or three feet of the ground, and, on the out of their huts and strike them women and children gather them up from the ground in sacks, where they are divested of wings and legs by a Madagascor a visited every year severe shaking up. These extremities with a plague of locusts, which does a are carefully winnowed out, the bodies vast amount of damage to the cron- dried in the sun or fried in fat, and but it is an ili wind that blows to | then packed in sacks for food or sold

"Citizens eligible by law to votewhite men, black men, red men approach of a swarm, the people rush drunken men, deaf men, dumb men, lame men, sick men, rag men, bad down with flat baskets. Then the men; citizens ineligible by law to vote women."-Bertha Knobe. Worthy Object.

Let us sometimes live-be it only

-Cherles Wagner.